

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And send out a Purseuant for his master straight,
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

Exit with the Armorer's man.

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me see it,
What's heere?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the
commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue.

1. Petit. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Mes-
senger for the whole towne-ship.

He teares the Papers.

Suffolke. So now shew your petitions to Duke *Humphrey*.
Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,
Dare these peasants write against me thus?

Exit Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honor of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarce will moue his cap to speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troope of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court take her for *Queene*:
She beares a Dukes whole reuennues on her backe.
The other day she vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.
Can any greefe of minde belike to this?
I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didst run at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladies hearts in France,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suff. Madam, content your selfe a little while,
As I was cause of your comming into England,

Yorke and Lancas

So will I in England worke your full
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and
I haue set lime-twigs that will entang
As that your Grace ere long shall vnc
But stay Madame, heere comes the Ki

Enter King Henrie, and the Duke of Yorke
set on both sides of the King, whispering
Duke Humphrey, Dame Elanor, the
Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke,
Winchester.

King. My Lords I care not who be
or *Somerset*, all's one to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill de
Let *Somerset* enioy his place, and go t

Som. Then whom your grace thin
And there be made the Regent ouer t
Warwicke. Whomsoever you acco

Yorke is the worthiest.

Card. Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy b
War. The Cardinal's not my better

Buck. All in this place are thy bett
War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion
were Regent ouer France.

Hum. Madame, our King is olde
To giue his answer without your co

Queene. If he be old enough, wh
To be Protector ouer him so long.

Hum. Madam, I am but Protector
And when it please his Grace, I will

Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since
(As who is King but thee:) the com
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wra
And Millions of treasure hath beene
And as for the Regentship of France